But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath hartilie consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holie King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc Why then all-soules, daie is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall one me when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day where in I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This is all-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prair one my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their maisters
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon m
When he quoth she, shall split thy hea
Remember *Margret* was a propheteſ
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame t

Enter Richmond with drumes

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my m
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyra
Thus farre into the bowels of the lan
Haue we marcht on without impedim
And heere receiue we from our father
Lines of faire comfort, and encourage
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping b
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and
Swils your warme blood like wash, a
In your imboweld bosome, this foule
Lies now euen in the center of this Isl
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one d
In Gods name cheare on, couragious
To reape the harueſt of perpetuall pe
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe w
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a t
To fite against that bloudie homicide
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends v
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends but who
Which in his greateſt need will shrink
Rich. all for our aduantage, then in
True hope is swift, and flies with swa
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner cr
Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe,
King. Heere pitch our tents, euen h
Why how now *Catesby*, why looke ſt
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter t
King. Norfolke, come hither:
Norfolke, we must haue knockes ha
Nor. We must both giue and take,
King. Vp with my tent, heere will

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37